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NATIVE AIR.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

SCOTT.

IF life be but a journey, and the world a high road to a permanent state, he who travels must still keep native country in view; it is an intermediate resting-place betwixt time and eternity; a support to lean upon betwixt change and constancy; an object to cling to in the storms of revolutions and the wreck of ages; a point of identity whereby to distinguish character, and to mingle personal with general interest. **MY HOME, MY COUNTRY, MY FLAG!!!** These are all proud and endearing terms, yet the wandering traveller loses sight of them for a time; the weak man, dazzled by surprise and variety, affects to hold them cheap, nay, probably boasts of his being a cosmopolite, and assumes for his motto—

" Ubi bene, ibi patria."

This season is not of long duration; such a state of the mind is as unsuitable to the rational functions, as uninterrupted fatigue and incessant locomotion to the health of the body. This appetite, inclination, or rage, is but like a fever; it is short, although ardent; its remedy is repose; and when it once subsides, we seldom or never perceive its return, unless it be under circumstances of uneasiness at home, which require a change of air either to restore lost health, or to abstract the sufferer from mental distress, to rescue the guilty from punishment, to hide the prodigal from shame, or to relieve the diseased intellect by promised but never realized change of position, just as the incurable sick shift their posture, their malady still remaining permanent and not to be shaken off.

There are nevertheless numbers of each sex who have taken growth in foreign climes, have assumed foreign habits, and

who pretend to make a choice of necessity, or to borrow a colour from chance or circumstance; nay, who affect manners at variance with those of the land of their nativity, and impose upon you a preference for the soil of adoption, and (preposterous as it is) a contempt for her nationalities. This I consider as a disease of some magnitude; it is an unnatural growth which false excitements can alone maintain. The stimuli of novel attractions and of pleasures and appetites unsuited to our native education and taste, will support it for a season, to leave the mind and body subsequently more unsatisfied and enervated. The impressions which the arts and sciences produce on us are not at variance either with patriotism or with national stability; on the contrary, they form our minds to more enlarged views, and enable us to enrich the descriptive, or narrative page, to embellish our museums, to benefit our institutions, to instruct our families, to amuse our friends. The charms of the softer touches of mental enchantment, poetry and music, do not estrange us from home. We may convey the delightful sounds by imitation to our own shores, nay, render the former our own by translation, from the acquirement of languages. All the ends of hospitality are promoted and a further extent is given to humanity by the generous reception of strangers; whilst a finished education fits the possessor of it for the very first circles and situations, and enables him, or her, to negotiate for the less learned and refined, to facilitate their intercourse with foreigners, to interpret their sentiments and intentions. But when I see a frivolous, or bewildered being, one lost to the love of the land and constitution of his sires, apathetical to the interests of his former home, and blinded by borrowed usages, so as to be prejudiced against the order of things which satisfied his wiser ancestors; when I behold native plants metamorphosed into exotics; creatures the slaves of a kitchen and a dress-maker, wedded to foreign levities, and pining after the relaxed enjoyments of other countries and climes; when Mary is too languishing, and honest John too coxcombical; lastly, when I find people of moderate fortunes, and more confined

abilities and prospects, sigh for French gaieties and Italian airs; pine after costly viands and expensive wines; sleep away Sunday, and abuse their country, I pronounce sentence of temporary insanity on them; I avoid coming into the same circle with them: pity them if incurable, but would advise them where advice is either useful or palatable.

However, the rage for other foreign parts wears out gradually of itself; an innate feeling draws the heart towards its native shore; sated fancy and appetite pass away, and novelty is discovered to be composed but of extrinsic materials; home sickness follows, and its infallible cure, native air.

THE ITALIAN ROMANTIC POEMS.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Italian romantic Poems is, that they are not addressed to the feelings, not even to the feelings through the imagination, but in their essence merely to the fancy. Whatever we find in them of the higher order of imaginative poetry, whatever we find of pathetic, noble, or sublime sentiment is accidental and adventitious, and not involved in the nature of the poem. With no aim but entertainment, the style adopted by the authors of this kind of composition readily admitted a vein of pleasantry and humour. The poet might very allowably smile at his own marvellous inventions; and it might often be his interest to make his audience or readers smile with him. When they began to weary of the emotion of mere childish wonder, he might allure them by the luxurious beauty of his descriptions; he might interest them in the fortunes and passions of some favourite hero or heroine; he might make them angry; he might make them weep; but it would often do just as well to make them smile; smile they might; laugh they might; but they must not yawn; any thing but yawning. Where one deep feeling pervades the whole poem, the slightest approach to the ludicrous is instinctively avoided. The religious solemnity of the Jerusalem is throughout preserved unbroken. In the Iliad, where the pervading sentiment is less exalted, there may perhaps be some scenes not quite compatible with highly-excited feelings; yet mortals cannot join in the "unextinguishable laughter" of the gods, when they see it springing from a determination of super-human power, which influences the fortunes of heroes and nations; and the main effect of the character Thersites, grotesquely sketched as it is, is to raise the dignity of the chiefs, who are the actors in the poem. The Odyssey is a work of a different nature; it rests not upon national, but upon individual, sympathy; and though the interest turns in general upon

deep domestic feelings, such feelings are not by any means in exclusive possession of us. The familiar scenes in the latter books have occasionally a vein of humour in them; nor would Homer expect us always to suppress a smile at the inexhaustible figments of Ulysses. But the earlier books suggest reflections which are still more closely connected with our present subject. There is an ingenious artifice, or at least an accident, which has a very good effect (and we do not know whether it has ever been noticed in this view), in making the hero himself recite his strange and wonderful adventures. Even now there is something of the comic in the adventure of the Cyclops' cave; but had the poet told all these marvels in his own person, he has let us know enough of him to be sure that he could no more have told them with perfect gravity than the Italian Romancers. The very wonders created by the Italian poets present peculiar facilities for a certain species of humour. Dwarfs will compensate for their deficiency in personal strength by trickery and cunning; giants, accustomed to rely solely upon brute force, are very apt to be stupid; and where they are not very ferocious, their unwieldy good nature and condescension has somewhat of the ludicrous in it; and they are apt to have a peculiar sort of *bon-homme*, like other large people. A disappointed magician is but a sorry spectacle; and fountains of Love and Hatred, of which the wrong persons always drink, cause not only complicated adventures, but absurd situations. The world of marvels, in which the actors are bewildered, gives them a licence to be in some slight degree ridiculous. A hero, who has once been thoroughly laughed at, could scarcely hold up his head again among mere human agents; but "let him step forth and slay a giant," or destroy an enchanted castle, and we feel that he is not a person to be laughed at any longer, and (in the phrase of the old school of criticism) he may "recover his heroism" without question.

The degree to which such an intermixture of humour, might be carried, evidently would be regulated by the genius and situation of the poet. Pulci, the earliest of the Italian Romantic Poets, above the class of common story tellers, composed his Morgante for the amusement of Madonna Lucrezia, the mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, and he used to recite it at table to Lorenzo, and Politian, and Marsilio Ficino, and other celebrated persons, who were assembled at Florence. In such circumstances an abundant portion of pleasantries might naturally be expected, and Pulci is not sparing of it, nor is it always of the most refined sort. It has, however, a peculiar raciness from the colloquial simplicity and facility

of his versification, which was a necessary characteristic of a style of composition so nearly resembling improvisation. His easy and apparently unconscious medley of poetical imagery, strong delineations of character, pathos, devotion, satire, and buffoonery, have grievously perplexed many critics, and especially those of the French school. The English reader may form some notion of his more happy and polished passage from "Monks and Giants," and especially the two first cantos of the work. The Count Boiardo, the accomplished scholar, statesman, and soldier, the feudal Sovereign of Scandiano, tells his story in a much more lordly manner ; yet he cannot refrain from diverting himself with the rogueries of Brunello, who steals Sacripant's horse from under him, whilst he is in a fit of contemplation, just as Sancho loses Dapple, leaving him seated in his saddle upon wooden props ; and we give Orlando more than half a smile, when his felon mistress sends him up a pyramid to see prospects, and rides off with Brigliadoro. Throughout, according to Lord Glenervie, there is a sort of simple *naïvete* in his verses, harsh and uncouth as they often are, which neither Ariosto, his continuator, nor his professed reformer Berni, have been able to surpass. Berni translated the rugged stanzas of Boiardo "into a style of versification possessing graces till then utterly unknown, and still utterly inimitable." In the substance of the narrative he follows closely in the footsteps of Boiardo ; "but the moral introductions to each canto, and his digressions, sometimes moral and sometimes satirical, are entirely his own." To such deviations, in such a style, we are indebted for touches of wit far more delicate and elegant than are to be found in any other romantic poet. In the Orlando of Ariosto, his gaiety and humour, inexhaustible and playful as it is, seems thrown comparatively into the shade by the highly poetical character of the whole work : yet all to whom Ariosto is accessible, in any other shape than Hoole's translation, must have smiled at his good-natured satire and his charitable knowledge of human nature.

THE NOVELIST.

THE LOVE-CHARM.

A Tale from the German of Tieck.

[Concluded.]

A PARTY of friends was sitting, on the brightest summer morning, in a green arbour, assembled round an excellent breakfast. Laughter and jests passed round, and many a time did the glasses kiss with a merry health to the youthful couple, and a wish

that they might be the happiest of the happy. The bride and bridegroom were not present ; the fair one being still busied about her dress, while the young husband was sauntering alone in a distant avenue, musing upon his happiness.

"What a pity," said Anderson, "we are to have no music. All our ladies are beclouded at the thought, and never in their whole lives longed for a dance so much as to-day, when to have one is quite out of the question. It is far too painful to his feelings."

"I can tell you a secret though," said a young officer ; "which is, that we are to have a dance after all, and a rare madcap and riotous one it will be. Every thing is already arranged ; the musicians are come secretly, and quartered out of sight. Roderick has managed it all ; for he says, one ought not to let him have his own way, or to humour his strange prejudices over-much, especially on such a day as this. Besides, he is already grown far more like a human being, and is much more sociable than he used to be ; so that I think even he will not dislike this alteration. Indeed, the whole wedding has been brought about all of a sudden, in a way that nobody could have expected."

"His whole life," said Anderson, "is no less singular than his character. You must all remember how, being engaged on his travels, he arrived last autumn in our city, fixed himself there for the winter, lived like a melancholy man, scarcely ever leaving his room, and never gave himself the least trouble about our theatre or any other amusement. He almost quarrelled with Roderick, his most intimate friend, for trying to divert him, and not pampering him in all his moping humours. In fact, this exaggerated irritability and moodiness must have been a disease that was gathering in his body ; for, as you know, he was seized four months since with a most violent nervous fever, so that we were all forced to give him up for lost. After his fancies had raved themselves out, on returning to his senses, he had almost entirely lost his memory ; his childhood indeed and his early youth were still present to his mind, but he could not recollect any thing that had occurred during his travels, or immediately before his illness. He was forced to begin anew his acquaintance with all his friends, even with Roderick ; and only by little and little has it grown lighter within him ; but slowly has the past with all that had befallen him come again, though still in dim colours, over his memory. He had been removed into his uncle's house, that the better care might be taken of him, and he was like a child, letting them do with him whatever they chose. The first time he went out to enjoy the warmth of

spring in the park, he saw a girl sitting thoughtfully by the road-side. She looked up; her eye met his; and, as it were, seized with an unaccountable yearning, he bade the carriage stop, got out, sat down by her, took hold of her hands, and poured himself forth in a full stream of tears. His friends were again alarmed for his understanding; but he grew tranquil, lively, and conversible, got introduced to the girl's parents, and at the very first visit besought her hand; which, as her parents did not refuse their consent, she granted him. Thenceforward he was happy, and a new life sprang up within him; every day he became healthier and more cheerful. A week ago he visited me at this country-seat of mine, and was above measure delighted with it; indeed so much so that he would not rest till he had made me sell it to him. I might easily have turned his passionate wish to my own good account, and to his injury; for, whenever he sets his heart upon a thing, he will have it, and that forthwith. He immediately made his arrangements, and had furniture brought hither that he may spend the summer months here; and in this way it has come to pass that we are all now assembled together to celebrate our friend's marriage at this villa, which a few days since belonged to me."

The house was large, and situated in a very lovely country. One side looked down upon a river, and beyond it upon pleasant hills, clad and girt round with shrubs and trees of various kinds; immediately before it lay a beautiful flower-garden. Here the orange and lemon trees were ranged in a large open hall, from which small doors led to the store-rooms, and cellars, and pantries. On the other side spread the green plain of a meadow, which was immediately bordered by a large park; here the two long wings of the house formed a spacious court; and three broad open galleries, supported by rows of pillars standing each above the other, connected all the apartments in the building, which gave it on this side an interesting and singular character; for figures were continually moving along these arcades in the discharge of their various household tasks; new forms kept stepping forth between the pillars and out of every room, which re-appeared soon after above or below, to be lost behind some other doors; the company too would often assemble there for tea or for play; and thus, when seen from below, the whole had the look of a theatre, before which every body would gladly pause awhile, expecting, as his fancies wandered, that something strange or pleasing would soon be taking place above.

The party of young people was just rising, when the full-drest bride came through

the garden and walked up to them. She was clad in violet-coloured velvet; a sparkling necklace lay cradled on her white neck; her brown hair was tinged yet more beautifully by its wreath of myrtles and white roses. She addressed each in turn with a kind greeting, and the young men were astonished at her surpassing beauty. She had been gathering flowers in the garden and was now returning into the house, to see after the preparations for the dinner. The tables had been placed in the lower open gallery, and shone dazzlingly with their white coverings and their load of sparkling crystal; rich clusters of many-coloured flowers rose from the graceful necks of alabaster vases; green garlands, starred with white blossoms, twined round the columns; and it was a lovely sight to behold the bride gliding along with gentle motion between the tables and the pillars, amid the light of the flowers, overlooking the whole with a searching glance, then vanishing, and reappearing a moment afterwards higher up, to pass into her chamber. "She is the loveliest and most enchanting creature I ever saw," cried Anderson; "our friend is indeed the happiest of men."

"Even her paleness," said the officer, taking up the word, "heightens her beauty. Her brown eyes sparkle only more intensely above those white cheeks, and beneath those dark locks; and the singular, almost burning redness of her lips gives a truly magical appearance to her face."

"The air of silent melancholy that surrounds her," said Anderson, "sheds a lofty majesty over her whole form."

The bridegroom joined them, and inquired after Roderick. They had all missed him some time since, and could not conceive where he could be tarrying; and they all set out in search of him. "He is below in the hall," said at length a young man whom they happened to ask, "in the midst of the coachmen, footmen, and grooms, showing off tricks at cards, which they cannot grow tired of staring at." They went in, and interrupted the noisy admiration of the servants, without however disturbing Roderick, who quietly pursued his conjuring exhibition. When he had finished, he walked with the others into the garden and said, "I do it only to strengthen the fellows in their faith: for these puzzles give a hard blow to their groomships' free-thinking inclinations, and help to make them true believers."

"I see," said the bridegroom, "my all-sufficing friend, among his other talents, does not think that of a mountebank beneath his cultivation."

"We live in a strange time;" replied the other. "Who knows whether mountebanks may not come to rule the roast in their turn. One ought to despise nothing

now-a-days; the veriest straw of talent may be that which is to break the camel's back."

When the two friends found themselves alone, Emilius again turned down the dark avenue, and said, "Why am I in such a gloomy mood on this the happiest day of my life? But I assure you, Roderick, little as you will believe it, I am not made for this moving about among such a mob of human beings; for this keeping my attention on the *qui vive* for every letter of the alphabet, so that neither A nor Z may go without all fitting respect; for this making a bow to her tenth cousin, and shaking hands with my twentieth; for this rendering of formal homage to her parents; for this handing a flower from my nosegay of compliments to every lady that crosses my eye; for this waiting to receive the tide of new-comers as wave after wave rushes over me, and then turning to give orders that their servants and horses may have each a full trough and pail set before them."

"That is a watch that goes of its own accord;" answered Roderick. "Only look at your house, it was just built for such an occasion; and your head-butler, with his right hand taking up at the same time that his left hand is setting down, and one leg running north while the other seems to be making for south, was begotten and born for no other end than to put confusion in order. He would even set my brains to rights if he could get at them; were the whole city here he would find room for all; and he will make your hospitality the proverb of fifty miles round. Leave all such things to him, and to your lovely bride; and where will you find so sweet a lightener of this world's cares?"

"This morning before sunrise," said Emilius, "I was walking through the wood; my thoughts were solemnly tuned; and I felt to the bottom of my soul that my life was now receiving its determined character, that it was become a serious thing, and that this passion had created for me a home and a calling. I passed along by yonder arbour, and heard sounds: it was my beloved in close conversation. 'Has it not turned out now as I told you?' said a strange voice; 'just as I knew it must turn out. You have got your wish, so cheer up and be merry.' I would not go near them; afterwards I walked toward the arbour, but they had both already left it. Since then I keep thinking and thinking, what can these words mean?"

Roderick answered: "Perhaps she may have been in love with you some time without your knowing it; you are only so much the happier."

A late nightingale here upraised her song, and seemed to be wishing the lover health and bliss. Emilius became more thoughtful. "Come with me, to cheer up

your spirits," said Roderick, "down to the village, where you will find another couple; for you must not fancy that yours is the only wedding on which to-day's sun is to shine. A young clown is about to marry an ugly old maid; let us not miss the sight; for doubtless it will be a most interesting wedding."

The melancholy man let himself be dragged along by his lively chattering friend, and they soon came to the cottage. The procession was just sallying forth, to go to church. The young countryman was in his usual linen frock; all his finery consisted in a pair of leather breeches which he had polished till they shone like a field of dandelions; he was of simple mien, and appeared somewhat confused. The bride was sunburnt, with but a few farewell leaves of youth still hanging about her; she was coarsely and poorly but cleanly drest; some red and blue silk ribbons, already a good deal faded, fluttered from her stomacher; but what chiefly disfigured her was, that her hair, stiffened with lard, flour, and pins, had been swept back from her forehead, and piled up at the top of her head in a mound, on the summit of which lay the bridal chaplet. She smiled and seemed glad at heart, but was shame-faced and downcast. Next came the aged parents; the father too was only a servant about the farm, and the hovel, the furniture, and the clothing, all bore witness that their poverty was extreme. A dirty squinting musician followed the train, who kept grinning and screaming, and scratching his fiddle, which was patched together of wood and pasteboard, and instead of strings had three bits of packthread. The procession halted, when his honour, their new master, came up to them. Some mischief-loving servants, young lads and girls, tittered and laughed, and jeered the bridal couple, especially the ladies' maids, who thought themselves far handsomer, and saw themselves infinitely better clad, and wondered how people could be so vulgar. A shuddering came over Emilius; he looked round for Roderick; but the latter had already run away from him again. An impudent coxcomb, with a head pilloried in his high starched neckcloth, a servant to one of the visitors, eager to show his wit, pressed up to Emilius, giggling, and cried:

"Now your honour, what says your honour to this grand couple? They can neither of them guess where they are to find bread for to-morrow, and yet they mean to give a ball this afternoon, and that famous performer there is already engaged." "No bread!" said Emilius; "can such things be?" "Their wretchedness," continued the chatterbox, "is known to the whole neighbourhood; but the fellow says he bears the creature much good-will, although she is such a

sorry bit of clay. Ay, verily, as the song says, love can make black white ! They have just been round to every house begging a pint of small beer, with which they mean to get drunk ; a royal treat for a wedding-day, your honour ! " Every body round about laughed loudly, and the unhappy despised pair cast down their eyes. Eminus indignantly pushed the chattering away. " Here, take this ! " he cried, and threw a hundred ducats which he had received that morning, into the hands of the amazed bridegroom. The betrothed couple and their parents wept aloud, threw themselves clumsily on their knees, and kissed his hands and the skirts of his coat. He tried to make his escape. " Let that keep hunger out of your doors as long as it lasts ! " he exclaimed, quite stunned by his feelings. " Oh ! " they all screamed, " oh, your honour ! we shall be rich and happy till the day of our deaths, and longer too, if we live longer."

He knew not how he had got away from them ; but he found himself alone, and hastened with unsteady steps into the wood. Here he sought out the thickest, loneliest spot, and threw himself down on a grassy knoll, no longer keeping back the bursting stream of his tears. " I am sick of life," he sobbed ; " I cannot be glad and happy, I will not. Make haste and receive me, thou dear kind earth, and hide me in thy cool refreshing arms from the wild beasts that tread over thee and call themselves men. Oh God in heaven ! how have I deserved that I should rest upon down and wear silk, that the grape should pour forth her most precious blood for me, and that all should throng around me and offer me their homage and love ? This poor wretch is better and worthier than I, and misery is his nurse, and mockery and venomous scorn are the only sounds that hail his wedding. Every delicacy that is placed before me, every draught out of my costly goblets, my lying on soft beds, my wearing gold and rich garments, will be unto me like so many sins, now that I have beheld how the world hunts down many thousand thousand wretches, who are hungering after the dry bread that I throw away, and who never know what a good meal is. Oh, now I can fully understand your feelings, ye holy pious men, whom the world despises and scorns and scoffs at, who did scatter abroad your all, even unto the raiment of your poverty, and did gird sackcloth about your loins, and did resolve as beggars to endure the gibes and the kicks wherewith brutal insolence and swilling voluptuousness drive away misery from their tables, that by so doing ye might thoroughly purge yourselves from the foul sin of wealth."

The world, with all its forms of being,

hung in a mist before his eyes ; he determined to look upon the destitute as his brethren, and to depart far away from the communion of the happy. They had already been waiting for him a long time in the hall, to perform the ceremony ; the bride had become uneasy ; her parents had gone in search of him through the garden and park ; at length he returned, lighter for having wept away his cares, and the solemn knot was tied.

The company then walked from the lower hall toward the open gallery, to seat themselves at table. The bride and bridegroom led the way, and the rest followed in their train. Roderick offered his arm to a young girl who was gay and talkative. " Why does a bride always cry and look so sad and serious during the ceremony ? " said she, as they mounted the steps.

" Because it is the first moment in which she feels intensely all the weight and meaning and mystery of life," answered Roderick.

" But our bride," continued the girl, " far surpasses in gravity all I have ever yet seen. Indeed she almost always looks melancholy, and one can never catch her in a downright hearty laugh.

" This does the more honour to her heart," replied Roderick, himself, contrary to custom, feeling somewhat seriously disposed. " You know not perhaps that the bride a few years ago took a lovely little orphan into the house, to educate her. All her time was devoted to the child, and the love of this gentle being was her sweetest reward. The girl was become seven years old, when she was lost during a walk through the town, and in spite of all the means that have been employed, nobody could ever find out what became of her. Our noble-minded hostess has taken this misfortune so much to heart, that she has been preyed upon ever since by a silent melancholy, nor can any thing win her away from her longing after her little play-fellow."

" A most interesting adventure indeed ! " said the lady. " One might see a whole romance in three volumes grow out of this seed. It will be a strange sight, and it will not be for nothing, when this lost star reappears. What a pretty poem it would make ! Don't you think so, sir ? "

The party arranged themselves at table. The bride and bridegroom sat in the centre, and looked out upon the gay landscape.—They talked, and drank healths, and the most cheerful humour reigned ; the bride's parents were quite happy ; the bridegroom alone was reserved and thoughtful, ate but little, and took no part in the conversation. He started when some musical sounds rolled down through the air from above, but grew calm again on finding it was nothing but the

soft notes of a bugle, which wandered along with a pleasant murmur over the shrubs and through the park, till they died away on the distant hills. Roderick had stationed the musicians in the gallery over-head, and Emilius was satisfied with this arrangement. Toward the end of the dinner he called his butler, and turning to his bride, said, "My love, let poverty have a share of our superfluities." He then ordered him to send several bottles of wine, some pastry, and other dishes in abundant portions, to the poor couple, that with them also this day might be a day of rejoicing, unto which in after-times they might look back with delight. "See, my friend," cried Roderick, "how beautifully all things in this world hang together. My idle trick of busying myself about other people's concerns, and my chattering, though you are for ever finding fault with them, have after all been the occasion of this good deed." Several persons began making pretty speeches to their host on his compassion and kind heart, and the young lady next to Roderick lisped about romantic feelings and sentimental magnanimity. "O, hold your tongues," cried Emilius indignantly. "This is no good action; it is no action at all; it is nothing. When swallows and linnets feed themselves with the crumbs that are thrown away from the waste of this meal, and carry them to their young ones in their nests, shall not I remember a poor brother who needs my help? If I durst follow my heart, ye would laugh and jeer at me, just as ye have laughed and jeered at many others who have gone forth into the wilderness that they might hear no more of this world and its generosity."

Every body was silent, and Roderick, perceiving the most vehement displeasure in his friend's glowing eyes, feared he might forget himself still more in his present ungracious mood, and tried to give the conversation a sudden turn upon other subjects. But Emilius was become restless and absent; his eyes were continually wandering toward the upper gallery, where the servants who lived in the top story had many things to do. "Who is that ugly old woman," he at length asked, "that is so busy there, going backwards and forwards in her gray cloak?" "She is one of my attendants," said his bride; "she is to overlook and manage my waiting-maids and the other girls." "How can you bear to have anything so hideous always at your elbow?" replied Emilius. "Let her alone," answered the young lady: "God meant the ugly to live, as well as the handsome; and she is such a good honest creature, she may be of great use to us."

On rising from the table, every body pressed round the new husband, again wished him joy, and urgently begged that he

would consent to their having a ball. The bride too said, breathing a gentle kiss on his forehead, "You will not deny your wife's first request, my beloved; we have all been looking forward with delight to this moment. It is so long since I danced last, and you have never yet seen me dance. Have you no curiosity how I shall acquit myself in this new character? My mother tells me that I look better than at any other time."

"I never yet saw you thus cheerful," said Emilius: "I will be no disturber of your joys: do just what you please; only let me bargain for nobody asking me to make myself ridiculous by any clumsy capers."

"Oh, if you are a bad dancer," she answered laughing, "you may feel quite safe; every body will readily consent to your sitting still." The bride then retired to put on her ball-dress.

When Emilius had left them, and many of the ladies were also gone to make such changes in their attire as were necessary for the ball, Roderick took the young man aside, and led the way to his own room.—"It is wearing toward evening," said he, "and will soon be dark; so make haste every one of you and mask yourselves, that we may render this night glorious in the annals of merriment and madness. Give your fancies free range in choosing your characters: the wilder and uglier the better. Try every combination of shaggy mane, and squinting eye, and mouth gaping like a volcano; build mountains upon your shoulders, or fatten yourselves into Falstaffs. A wedding is such a strange event in one's life; the bride and bridegroom are so suddenly plunged, as it were by magic, head over heels into a new unaccustomed element, that is impossible to infuse too much of madness and folly into this feast, in order to keep pace with the whirlpool that is bearing a brace of human beings from the state in which they were two unto the state in which they become one, and to let all things round about them be fit accompaniments for the dizzy dream, on the wings of which they are floating toward a new life. So let us rave away the night, making all sail before the breeze; and a fig for such as look twice on the grave sour faces that would have you behave rationally."

"Don't be afraid," said the young officer; "we have brought from town with us a large chest full of masks and mad carnival dresses, such as would make even you stare."

"But see here," returned Roderick, "what a gem I have got from my tailor, who was just going to cut up this peerless robe into strips. He bought it of an old crone, who must doubtless have worn it on gala days when she went to Lucifer's drawing-room on the Blocksberg. Look at this

scarlet bodice with its gold tassels and fringe, at this cap besmeared with the last see the hag got from Beelzebub or his imps: it will give me a right worshipful air. To match such jewels, there is this green velvet petticoat with its saffron-coloured trimming, and this mask which would melt even Medusa to a grin. Thus accoutred I mean to lead the chorus of Graces, myself their mother-queen, toward the chamber. Make all the haste you can; and we will then go in procession to fetch the bride."

The bugles were still playing; the company were walking about the garden, or sitting before the house. The sun had gone down behind thick murky clouds, and the country was lying in the gray dusk, when a parting gleam suddenly burst forth athwart the cloudy veil, and flooded every spot around, but especially the building, and its galleries, and pillars, and wreaths of flowers, as it were with red blood. At this moment the parents of the bride and the other spectators beheld a train of the wildest appearances move toward the upper corridor. Roderick led the way as the scarlet old woman, and was followed by humpbacks, mountain-paunches, female figures embanked by enormous hoops and over-canopied with three feet of horse-hair, powder, and pomatum, and by every disgusting shape that can be conceived, as though a nightmare were unrolling her stores. They jumped, and twirled, and tottered, and stumbled, and straddled, and strutted, and swaggered, along the gallery, and then vanished behind one of the doors. But few of the beholders had been able to laugh: so utterly were they amazed by the strange sight. Suddenly a piercing shriek burst from one of the rooms, and there rushed forth into the blood-red glow of the sunset the pale bride, in a white frock, round which wreaths of flowers were waving, with her rich locks streaming through the air.—As though mad, with rolling eyes and distorted face, she darted along the gallery, and, blinded by terror, could find neither door nor stair-case; and immediately after rushed Emilius in chase of her, with the sparkling Turkish dagger in his high up-raised hand. Now she was at the end of the passage; she could go no further; he reached her. His masked friends and the gray old woman were running after him. But he had already furiously pierced her bosom, and cut through her white neck; her blood spouted forth into the radiance of the setting sun. The old woman had clasped round him, to tear him back; he struggled with her, and hurled himself together with her over the railing, and they both fell almost lifeless down at the feet of the relations who had been staring in dumb horror at the bloody scene. Above and below, or has-

tening down the stairs and along the galleries, were seen the hideous masks, standing or running about, in various clusters, like fiends of hell.

Roderick took his dying friend in his arms. He had found him in his wife's room, playing with the dagger. She was almost drest when he entered. At the sight of the hated red bodice his memory had rekindled; and the horrible vision of that night had risen upon his mind; and gnashing his teeth he had sprung after his trembling, flying bride, to avenge that murder and all those devilish doings. The old woman, ere she expired, confessed the crime that had been wrought; and the gladness and the mirth of the whole house were suddenly changed into sorrow and lamentation and dismay.

THE APPLE.

[Translated from the German for the New-York Literary Gazette.]

The high-chamberlain at the court of King Herod was clad in purple and costly attire; his wealth was unbounded, and he lived sumptuously every day.

There came unto him from a far country a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years; and the chamberlain gave a great feast, and invited many guests to honour the stranger.

Rich viands in dishes of gold and silver, and costly vessels of cordials and wine were spread in profusion upon the board; and the rich man sat at the head of the board and made good cheer; and at his right hand sat his friend, that had come from a distant land. And they ate and drank and were filled.

Then the man from a far country spake to the chamberlain of King Herod: "Such sumptuousness and splendour as appears in thy house, I have never seen in my own land, far and near." And he admired the splendour of the rich man and called him fortunate, above all men upon earth.

But the rich man, the chamberlain of the king, took an apple from a golden stand. The apple was large and fair, and of a purple red: and the rich man said, "Behold! this apple rested upon gold, and it is fair to the eye!"—and he reached it to the stranger, the friend of his youth: but the stranger cut the apple, and lo! in its middle was a worm!

Then the stranger looked sidewise at the chamberlain: but the chief-chamberlain looked down upon the earth and sighed!

POETRY.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

MELANCHOLY TRUTHS.

"Omnium rerum, heus ! vicissitudo est."

Terence.

DARKLY, aye since my natal day,
The partial fates have frown'd on me ;
With countless ills have strewn my way,
And clouded o'er my destiny.

I could not shun the woes in store,
Nor make them less, nor make them more.

I entered on the world's estate,
With hope and expectation high,
With joyous thoughts, and mind elate,
For stainless seem'd my youthful sky,—
But seemed, for, to my sanguine view
All nature wore a lovely hue.

I loved :—but what was love to me ?
A canker in my bud of youth ;
The maid of my idolatry
Soon fail'd in faith, and love, and truth.
Oh, love is but an idle name,
An unsubstantial phantom flame.

I trusted man,—because my heart,
I trusted, would not have deceiv'd :
But keenly I have felt the smart
That I too readily believ'd.

What could I do ? I would not deem
That men were else than as they seem.

I hoped,—for many joyous things,
For health, for fame, for happiness,
The flatt'ring fay with rosy wings
Appear'd, and promis'd years of bliss.
But soon, of all I was depriv'd,
For dull reality arrived.

I strove to reach the golden height
Which wealth's aspirants hope to gain,
I toil'd by day, I wak'd by night,
But all my labour has been vain,
A thousand ills my path have crost,
And I'm irrevocably lost.

In every deed I tried my best,
Ambition urged me boldly on ;
My heart in all things honour's test,
But all my fondest hopes are gone.
I'll wreck'd on disappointment's rock
—I could not bear the ingrate's shock.
I'll ne'er love, hope, trust, strive, again,
I'll never join in worldly crowds,
Sooner, I'll launch upon the main,
(When skies are overcast with clouds,
And waves run high, and tempests roar,
Upon the farthest wave from shore.)

But stop my pen,—why should I think
On this, or anguish, that has been,

O ! would that Lethé were my ink,
And, as I write, each day I've seen
Were writ, as in oblivion's book
Where I, nor others, e'er might look.

That cannot be, well then, away
With idle speculation now,
To sorrow I must live a prey,
Stern mis'ry's thron'd upon my brow.
But I'm a man—I have a heart,
Though worsted, still can bear the smart.

These are the pangs I deeply feel,
And whic'h no chance can ever change,
Although my pride may oft conceal
My mind at times, mid pleasures range,
Still, still I curse my bitter lot,
Which, nor its cause can be forgot.

The grave, perchance, may close o'er me ;
Ere pass another week, or day ;
Then death, approach, I welcome thee,
Thou bearer of our woes away.
The poor, the rich, the low, the great,
Hapless or happy, share one fate.

If death be such a friend, why dread
And shake with horror at his name ?
Who are so careless as the dead ?
Would that one living were the same.
The grave's the end of all our pain,
The road that leads, where?—thought is vain!

JULIAN.

STANZAS ;

WRITTEN AFTER A MASQUERADE BALL.

[From the German of Ludwig Tieck.]

Within the heart 'tis still ;
Sleep each wild thought encages :
Now stirs a wicked will,
Would see how madness rages,
And cries, Wild Spirit, awake !
Loud cymbals catch the cry
And back its echoes shake ;
And, shouting peals of laughter,
The trumpet rushes after,
And cries, Wild Spirit, awake !
Amidst them flute-tones fly,
Like arrows, keen and numberless ;
And with blood hound yell
Pipes the onset swell ;
And violins and violoncellos,
Creaking, clattering,
Shrieking, shattering ;
And horns whence thunder bellows ;
To leave the victim slumberless,
And drag forth prisoned madness, [gladness.
And cruelly murder all quiet and innocent

What will be the end of this commotion ?
Where the shore to this turmoiling ocean ?
What seeks the tossing throng,
As it wheels and whirls along ?
On ! on ! the lustres
Like hell-starsicker :

Let us twine in closer clusters.
On ! on ! ever thicker and quicker !
How the silly things throb, throb amain !
Hence, all quiet !
Hither, riot !
Peal more proudly,
Squeal more loudly,
Ye cymbals, ye trumpets ! Be dull all pain,
Till it laugh again.

Thou beckonest to me, beauty's daughter ;
Smiles ripple o'er thy lips,
And o'er thine eye's blue water ;
O let me breathe on thee,
Ere parted hence we flee,
Ere aught that light eclipse.
I know that beauty's flowers soon wither ;
Those lips, within whose rosy cells
Thy spirit warbles its sweet spells,
Death's clammy kiss ere long will press together.
I know, that face so fair and full
Is but a masquerading skull ;
But hail to thee, skull, so fair and so fresh !
Why should I weep and whine and wail,
That what blooms now must soon grow pale,
That worms must feed on that sweet flesh ?
Let me laugh but to-day and to-morrow,
And I care not for sorrow, [other we sail ?
While thus on the waves of the dance by each

Now thou art mine
And I am thine :
And what though pain and sorrow wait
To seize thee at the gate,
And sob and tear and groan and sigh
Stand ranged in state,
On thee to fly ;
Blithely let us look and cheerily
On death, that grins so drearily.
What would grieve with us, or anguish ?
They are foes that we know how to vanquish.
I press thine answering fingers,
Thy look upon me lingers, [kiss :
Or the fringe of thy garment will waft me a
Thou rollest on in light ;
I fall back into night ;
Even despair is bliss.

From this delight,
From this wild laughter's surge,
Perchance there may emerge
Foul jealousy and scorn and spite.
But this is our glory ! and pride !
When thee I despise,
I turn but mine eyes, [gaze ;
And the fair one beside thee will welcome my
And she is my bride ;
Oh, happy happy days !
Or shall it be her neighbour,
Whose eyes like a sabre
Flash and pierce,
Their glance is so fierce ?
Thus capering and prancing,
All together go dancing
Adown life's giddy cave ;
Nor living, nor loving,
But dizzily roving
Through dreams to a grave.
There below 'tis yet worse ;
Its flowers and its clay
Roof a gloomier day
Hide a still deeper curse.
Ring then, ye cymbals, enliven this dream !

Ye horns shout a fiercer, more vulture-like
scream ! [out of breath ?
And jump, caper, leap, prance, dance yourselves
For your life is all art ;
Love has given you no heart, [death.
Therefore shout, till ye plunge into bottomless

TO —————.

O do not press my trembling arm,
Those timid, tender eyes remove ;
I cannot tell thee not to hope,
I must not let thee love.

O do not look me in the face,
So timidly,—so tenderly !
'Tis madness, gentle girl, to think
That I am loved of thee.

It is not that my faith is pledged,
And other vows my heart restrain,
I have not worn that bond, nor known
Its pleasure or its pain.

It is not that my heart is set
Upon some other lovelier maid,
My heart hath never lost itself,
Though it has often stray'd.

Nor sit the fancies of my heart
Beside some yew-o'ershadowed grave,
The grave of her whom beauty bled
And love, yet could not save.

Nay, but my heart has passed away
I know not whither it has fled ;
It is not with a living maid,
Nor is it with the dead.

I know not how, nor when it went,
It slid away by slow degrees,
And now I dread the name of love,
And almost fear to please.

Yet would I still be seen to play
Through life a not ungraceful part,
Yet would I still be thought to bear
A not ungentele heart.

And now I smile when others smile
And mix my tears with others' tears,
And link myself to others' hopes,
And seek to share their fears.

And with the passions that I see,
Keep up a stir in my own breast ;
And sympathy is half my life,
And fancy is the rest.

Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry, saw a stone fall from the top of it to the ground—" Why should this stone, " when loosened from its bed, rather descend than rise, or fly across ? Either of " these directions must have been equally indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy ; and this the first philosophic reflection he had ever made. This led him first to consider the nature of gravity, &c.—So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep researches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

New-York Literary Gazette.

To Peter Paragraph, Esq.

PETER.—You and your crony, the snuff-taking lover, make a great ado about your noses, and you both deserve to have them pulled for your trouble, (no doubt it would be *to your trouble*) for pray tell me, most plaintive Peter, is it not highly unbecoming two such philosophical worthies to lament over any thing which is irremediable? Nay, what business have either of you to complain at all, when each must in conscience say—

"the evils I have borne are of the tree
Of mine own planting."

Who, before these confessions, ever heard of a man's making love to a romantic girl, with a snuff-box for his auxiliary? He might as well attempt to "look unutterable things" through a pair of green spectacles, and to "madly rend his hair" with a wig on his head, which the first pull would dislodge, and leave him to "scud under bare poll" before the storm of ridicule and laughter. And what was it but an act of unexampled vanity in your sagacious self, with a figure like the tower of Pisa, to attempt dancing? It was a deed of rashness that will never be equalled until an alderman shall attempt to run a foot-race, or a politician shall act with candour and singleness of heart. Therefore, Peter, let us hear no more of your doleful lamentations—take my advice and Peter will be "himself again;" get into another scrape as soon as may be, and stipulate that your antagonist shall lodge his bullet amongst the ribs on your right side—this of course will straighten you again, and with this addition to the lead with which nature has gifted your head, you will be a man of some *weight* in society, and of an *upright* character. There is but one consideration which should induce you to hesitate in following this counsel, which I will frankly state—should you at any time be hanged, your body will not sell for more than half price; for although you will do well enough for dissection, you will never make a respectable skeleton, with your broken ribs.

It may be true that you were "once as straight as the Schenectady turnpike;" certain it is, that you are as long and as tedious in your narrative as that interesting road on

which I often travelled, in my youthful days, to the hill of science, where the white piles of Union College gleam in the sunlight from afar. That road, Peter, always used to remind me of the definition of eternity, for it seemed as if it had no end. Every house on it was a tavern, and every tavern was a *half-way* house, and consequently, the road presented the astonishing phenomenon of an approximation to a place *decreasing* in an inverse ratio to the *increase* of the space passed over in journeying to the same spot! I cannot take it upon me to say that *Kepler* ever travelled upon this road, for Kepler was dead before it was made; but it must have been some turnpike in Germany similar to this, which first suggested to him the famous rule in astronomy which immortalizes his name. To be sure, his rule is somewhat different from that which I discovered on the Schenectady road, but I deem mine by far the greater discovery, for his rule can be comprehended and understood, whereas mine is incomprehensible and obscure—now whatever is obscure is sublime, and whatever is sublime is great—consequently mine is a great discovery.

Ah! Peter Paragraph, if you had ever travelled on that road, we should have never heard your lamentations about your nose; the misery of which you complain would have been merged in the memory of the greater calamities which would have beset you there. The long and whining story of mishaps which the blubbering *Aeneas* narrated to the pitying Dido, is nothing compared to the tale of these calamities,—

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."—

These half-way houses might with much more propriety be called *half-starve houses*. I verily believe that the chickens on that route are five years old when they are hatched; that they are benevolently permitted to enjoy the light of the sun ten years longer, and are then *guillotined* and served up at meals, full of years and — feathers. I never yet saw a juvenile fowl on that road—the cocks that strut about the barn-yards have a venerable air of antiquity about them; there is a sedateness in the flap of their wings, and a faint, melancholy, Nestor-like sound in their crow.

The first time I dined at a half-way house is a memorable event in my life. I had been

a member of college for about three weeks, at the time. It was winter—I had got a fit of the blues (which is a wonderful thing in a student) and I determined to take a drive to Albany, and see what the legislature was about. So I chartered a horse and pung, which seemed to have entered into articles of agreement to assist each other; the horse pulling the pung on a level, and the pung pushing the horse down hill—in going up hill it was generally necessary to call in the assistance of a third party, in the shape of a very genteel whip with a long *snapper*. My Bucephalus had a villainous trick of stopping when about half-way up hill, and looking round in my face to inquire whether I did not agree with him in the opinion that it would be advisable to pause and rest for a while. In addition, he had a vile habit of stopping at every tavern, which was also surprising, as he was generally hired by the students of my Alma Mater, who never could have led him into such a practice. However, a whip will cure horses, as well as men, of bad behaviour; and by a judicious application of my snapper to his right ear, my steed was induced to travel on the turnpike as an honest man travels through life, straight forward.

I had measured about seven miles of the road, which, by the rule above-mentioned, placed Albany three miles farther from me than it was when I started, and I resolved to fortify myself for the remainder of my journey with a good dinner. I drove up, pretty smartly, to the door of a large half-way house, cracking my whip in a very buckish style, in order to impress all who might be within hearing with an idea that I was *not nobody*. "My boy," said I to a ragged little rascal whom the music of my whip-lash had charmed to the door, "send me the ostler, my boy."—The rogue stared and showed no signs of compliance, apparently ignorant of my meaning.

"Where is the man that takes care of the horses," said I, defining the word which puzzled him, with Johnsonian accuracy.

"We ha'nt got no horses"—

"Psha—you are either too much of a fool or a knave for me to gain any thing by questioning you—here, stand by my horse while I go into the house."

"Wo'n't he kick, Mr.?"

"And suppose he does kick, pray what have you to fear, when you stand by his head—you never saw a horse kick forwards, did you?"

"N—o," he drawled, and reluctantly advanced to the horse's head.

I marched into the bar-room—there sat a man in the chimney corner, whom I knew at once to be the landlord, by that *je ne sais quoi* air which always designates men of his calling. "Landlord," said I, "send your man, or go yourself, to take care of my horse."

"I do'nt keep a man—and people hereabouts a'nt above tyin' their horses under the shed themselves."

"Well, as I happen not to live *hereabouts*, and as I do not choose to be *below* my business, I advise you not to be *above* yours—so your dignity must either put my horse under the shed, or I shall drive on to the next tavern for my dinner."

When did vanity or self-importance ever get the victory over avarice? The prospect of a dinner's profits sent this son of independence, in all his freeborn dignity, to the horse-shed. Little did I know how much majesty I was treating so unceremoniously—I afterwards learned that he was a colonel of militia and a justice of the peace! He was much better fitted for an overseer, for he was tall enough to look over the whole town at once.

I ordered dinner and walked into a sort of state-room, while the landlady was making her preparations. One of the windows opened upon the yard, where I saw a solitary game-cock, sauntering carelessly upon the hard snow, and apparently in deep contemplation. He was probably musing on the days of his youth, when his soul was chivalrous, (I am a Pythagorean,) and his crest was proud and high. Presently I saw him start and run off at full speed, and the little ragged boy in hot pursuit. For some time it was "pull rooster, pull rascal," but the "*bipes implumis*" at length caught the inglorious fugitive, for as youth easily outstrips, it more easily overtakes age.

After musing awhile on the mischievous disposition of the boy, in seeking sport by worrying and tormenting the poor fowl, I turned to contemplate my landlord's stylish room. The floor was covered with clean

sand, whereon several strange and grotesque figures were described, amongst which a man of fanciful mind might have discovered resemblances to hippocrits, centaurs, and gorgons. On the walls hung pictures, representing the history of that sad fellow, "the *prodigious* son," together with portraits of King Philip and Napoleon on horseback. The stern forest-monarch stood frowning by the side of the prodigal's banquet, while on the opposite side the Corsican hero seemed about to impel his war-steed amongst the swine, to partake whose meal the riotous waster had crossed the room as soon as myself.

At length (Peter, I pray you to show no impatience at my prolixity, for, like you, I choose to tell my story in my own way,) the door was opened and in came my dinner.

First came the landlady with a large tray, followed by the young rogue already mentioned, who seemed to unite in his own person the separate duties of idler, hunter, and waiter.

"Well, landlady," said I, "I hope you have provided me a good dinner, for I am as hungry as a harpy." I might have spared my simile, for the good woman had never read Virgil, and it was lost on her.

"We always provides good dinners in our house," said mine hostess—"a nice shoulder of mutton and a tender young pullet is good enough meat for the best of folks."

"And as I am none of the best of folks, I assure you it will satisfy me; I shall dine like a prince, I have no doubt."

Having arranged every thing, the landlady retired, leaving the boy to wait upon me. I took my seat at the table, prepared to go through a long chapter in the science of eating. I was always fond of chicken, and I determined to attack the tender pullet forthwith.

"My boy, place that chicken before me."

He did so. I was rather surprised at its great size, but I concluded that it was of the "big breed fowls," and proceeded to dissection, cursing the dull knife, with which my progress was very slow. I helped myself to a "flyer," and to my still greater surprise discovered that my teeth had also become amazingly dull, although my carving or rather sawing, had set them on an edge. I persevered, but the "tender

chicken" seemed capable of tough resistance—it was absolutely of the consistence of sole-leather. A horrid suspicion crossed my mind.—"Boy," said I, "how old was this chicken?"—The rascal grinned most mischievously—"Is not this the old game cock that I saw you chasing about the yard not an hour ago? Answer me, you young rogue, or"—I was about to throw the plate and its contents in his grinning face, but he saved himself by a prompt "Yes," and I had the satisfaction to know that I had been attempting to masticate an old fowl, whose spurs were as long as a Grecian javelin, and who, for aught I know, might have been my host's grandfather.

However, I was not yet in the situation of Tom Moore's Hafed—

"of all hope bereft,"
A shoulder of mutton "still was left,"
and I began instantly to pay my attentions to it. But, alas! toughness seemed to be proportioned to size in my host's eatables, and the consistence of the mutton might have been ascertained by the Rule of Three Direct; the question would stand thus—if a rooster weighing ten pounds be as tough as an old pair of cow-skin boots, how tough will a sheep weighing a hundred pounds be?

You must know, Peter, that I never liked sheep. I have never felt *sheepish* in all my life, and nothing but real hunger would have induced me to touch the mutton—had it been a sheep of middle age, I might have made out my dinner, but as it was, I might as well have attempted to eat the world-sustaining shoulder of Atlas himself. I gave up in despair.

"Have you got nothing else that's eatable in the house?" said I—

"No."

"Then go and tell the landlord to come here directly."

The important personage made his appearance.

"Landlord, what sort of a dinner do you call this?"

"I call it a very decent sort of a dinner for one that's been got ready in such a hurry."

"Oh, no doubt: pray is that mutton of your own raising?"

"Yes, and though I say it, that shouldnt say it, I call that real good mutton."

"Good? is it? then the ancient poet tells

a downright lie, for he says, ‘they whom the gods love, die young,’ and the heathen deities loved nothing that was not good.”—This argument was not particularly clear to the man’s understanding.

“ Landlord, in what part of the world was you born?”

“ I was born at the east’ard.”

“ Humph—I thought so; how long is it since you removed to these parts?”

“ Fifteen years, last fall.”

“ Did you bring any live stock with you?”

“ Yes—I brought a cow, a drove of hogs, and two Merino sheep, which were worth money then.”

“ Pray were you acquainted with General Humphreys, when you lived at the eastward?”

The man hesitated, whether from being nettled by my cross-examination, or from some secret suspicion, I knew not.

“ Landlord, look me in the face and give me a direct answer; is not this shoulder of mutton, part of the identical Merino sheep which General Humphreys imported from Spain, sixteen years ago? answer me on your conscience.”

What the publican’s conscience would have replied, I know not, for he began to bluster and storm at my uncivil behaviour, to insist that he had kept tavern for fifteen years, and had never before been abused in his own house, with a great many et ceteras, and concluded, though not without some slight tremor of voice and a retrograde movement, by telling me that he was sure I was no gentleman.

“ Very true, landlord; you are the best judge of that matter, but the mutton”—

“ Cuss [curse] the mutton and you too,” said he, bolting out of the room and slamming the door so violently as to make King Philip, Napoleon, and the prodigal son shake with apprehension.

I sat quietly for a few minutes to ponder on what was to be done in such an emergency. I cast my eye on the sheep, and immediately my imagination was transported to the pleasant meads of Andalusia, and the bright margin of the Guadalquivir. This train of ideas was not likely to assist my determination, as to the most reasonable course to be adopted under the circumstances; for reality was staring me in the face, presenting the snowy waste of the

Schenectady common for the sunny Spanish meadow of imagination, and the long straight turnpike in contrast to the winding and welling river.

I arose, boxed the ears of the young rascal that stood grinning at me, paid double for a dinner which had passed like the mocking lake from the parched traitor, “untouched, untasted,” jumped into my cutter, and in the course of time, found myself seated before a glorious supper. How I ever reached good old Albany, I know not; but there I was, and “mine host of the hill” made me forget all my sufferings by a timely provision from his well-stocked larder. How long I feasted, I am ashamed to say—but there I sat like Sardanapalus of old, and

“ Memory was lost in present bliss.”

Peter, I pause for the present.

PAUL PARAGRAPH.

* The Fire-worshippers.—Lalla Rookh.

IDLE HOURS.

How very unpopular in the present day is the word *aristocracy*, and yet how popular ought it to be, if its etymology were strictly considered. *Αριστοί κυβερνῶσται*, let the best govern. But good must predominate over evil, in human affairs, before power will deign to be the minister of virtue.

* * *

The importance of those unassuming parts of speech called *prepositions*, ought to plead in their behalf with those, who in examining the construction of a sentence, dismiss them unceremoniously by a mere annunciation of their title. The whole meaning of a sentence sometimes rests on the humble preposition. When we differ *with* a man, it is a quarrel—when we differ *from* him, it is a dissimilarity of opinion or character.—A man who is disappointed *in* matrimony, finds that his wife is not the angel he deemed her to be—but if he be disappointed *of* a wife, he is still a merry bachelor. A man dies *of* disease, and he dies, alas too frequently, *by* a doctor. A man who is the last to retire from a fashionable party, discovers that his hat is missing—he is certainly provided *for* another; but a friend of ours who lately walked to his lodgings bare-headed, is ready to affirm as soon as he gets rid

of his cold in the head, that it was 10 o'clock the next morning before he was provided with another. A toper has a taste for whiskey-punch, he must have cash or credit to get a taste of it. A patient is reduced to a skeleton, by bleedings and blisters, for the benefit of the apothecary and physician, with great rapidity, without any judgment, and against all rule. A man goes up stairs, when he sits down in the third story he is above stairs. A condemned malefactor hopes for pardon, when the rope is tightening around his neck, he loses all hope of a reprieve. Examples might be multiplied without end, but the reader has probably already exclaimed, "hold, enough."

* * *

One of the most singular expressions of gratitude ever made, was that of an eastern legislature or provincial assembly, towards the veteran general Stark. After Stark's gallant affair at Bennington, they voted that he should be presented with the thanks of the country and with **two pieces of linen*. Some wag remarked that either General Stark was *stark naked*, or the assembly was *stark mad*.

* We are not certain as to the number.

Suicides. Murders and suicides form the principal items of weekly news. People seem not only desirous to put their fellows out of the world, but also particularly anxious to be off themselves. Is the earth becoming too bad for men, or are men becoming too good for the earth?

Literary. "*Le Notti Romane al sepolcro de' Scipioni.*" This celebrated work of Count Alessandro Verri, has been translated into our language, and will shortly be published in this city.

To Correspondents. Will the writer of a letter, dated 12th December last, on the subject of an "Association in this city," "which has been permitted to expire," oblige us with his address? We can suggest a plan which, we think, will materially further the objects of that association, and render it permanently useful. It will require nothing but spirit and perseverance on the part of the members to ensure success. That our correspondent may not con-

sider us as having been dilatory on this subject, we add, that his letter was not received until Saturday the 7th ult. If he will favour us with his name and address, we will take an early opportunity to send him all the information which we possess, on a subject which ought to be interesting to all literary men.

CROSS READINGS.

The great hunting Elephant, Tippoo Sultan—was built in New-York, of the best of materials, and is coppered and copper-fastened.

In consequence of the great scarcity of hemp—the execution of Negro Jack, (found guilty of murder, at the last court,) was postponed.

The house of Representatives—are perfectly docile and easily managed by the keepers.

The petition of J. R. and others, for a bank charter—blew up with a horrible explosion.

The stockholders of the New-York Water Works Co.—had been drinking very freely and became very much exasperated.

The narrative of Mr. John D. Hunter—is as complete an illusion as we ever witnessed.

The South-American Camel—was yesterday appointed a Master in Chancery.

THE ESSAYIST.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

[Concluded]

THAT the Odes of a nation are a picture of their character, cannot be better exemplified than in the case of the Arabians. The Arabs have from time immemorial been a free and independent people, a people who spurn at subjection, as their wild-horse spurns the yoke. Never, in the annals of history, have they been known to crouch to the conqueror. They have roamed through the desert, wild, brave, and preferring to the confinement of cities the canopy of heaven and the tented field. The spirit which animates this martial people has spread itself in a remarkable degree through their Odes. These, glowing with the fiery soul of a nation conscious of its independence, proud of a long line of ancestry free as themselves, are withal tempered by the happy influence of an ever-cloudless clime. Love and war, the two grand objects to which their existence is devoted, are their unceasing theme. The

impetuous passion which urges them in the one, and the headlong valour which they display in the other, is there as ardently expressed, and as fiercely told. There similes, their allegories, their allusions, are all taken from the objects of Nature, and the scenery around them. They compare the blue eyes of a fine woman bathed in tears to violets dropping dew, and a victorious warrior to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings. And truly, in a country such as theirs, where their tribes frequently traverse boundless tracts of parched and desert sand, and where the eye seeks in vain for some verdant spot on which to rest its wearied orb, these their favourite allusions to green meadows and clear rivulets, must come in with peculiar effect. The Arabian poets were of opinion, that the three most beautiful objects in Nature were a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman.

The lyric poetry of Persia, though beautiful in the extreme, cannot altogether be put into the balance with that of Arabia. There is in their Odes a want of independence of spirit, a want of something, which at once marks a free and noble people, which at once tells us, that the Persians, though perhaps a brave, are yet an indolent and voluptuous race, preferring the undisturbed enjoyment of their pleasures, to that liberty dearer to the Arab than life. Yet there is something too in the Odes of Hafiz of an entrancing nature, something which lulls the senses and enchant's the soul. Love is their subject, and love, in its most ardent, most bewitching form. The cloudless sky, the never-changing clime, the rich-scented gale wafted from the flowers of Arabia, seem to have shed their softest, their most balmy influence, over the gentle bards of Persia.

Were we to take such notice of those lyric compositions which have been mentioned as they deserve, much more were we to mention all the nations who have made themselves famous in this department of poetry, we should far exceed the limits of a paper of this kind. Yet are there two nations who stand so eminently forth for learning and science, that it may appear strange that no mention has been made of them. The people to whom I refer are the French and the Greeks.

As to the first, with the exception, perhaps, of Quinault and Rousseau, their productions are a very mockery of lyric poetry. There is a prosaic coldness in every thing of this description which they have written, a something which assures us, that the author has well considered all that he has said, and that he writes, as it were, in the full possession of his sober senses, with-

out one spark of true lyric inspiration burning at his heart; a sort of sneer, in short, at every sentiment that is generous, or romantic, or lovely, which lets us at once into the spirit of that nation, which informs us, that cultivated, and refined, and polished though they be, they possess not, or have lost, that glow of passion, that soul-thrilling chivalry, which is the true essence of the Ode.

As to the Greeks, though the cause is very different, yet is the effect nearly the same. They have produced lyric writers, who, though they may have been equalled, have yet, I believe, never been surpassed. But we view their compositions to infinite disadvantage, through the dim medium of accumulated ages.

How is the face of nature changed since Pindar wrote and Anacreon sung! Since then, how many generations have been swept away—how many nations have risen into glory, and shrunk into insignificance—how many waves have rolled down the stream of time, each succeeding one rendering still more dim the faint traces of things that were! Their monuments of immortality still remain, but manners and customs have undergone an utter revolution. We may flatter ourselves with the idea, that we perceive all the force, and the beauty, and the propriety of the allusions of Pindar to the games of Greece, and that, by the discovery of the circumstance that these were a favourite theme, we transport ourselves to Hellas, and read with the eyes, and hear with the ears of a Greek. But the tone and spirit of that age are gone, never to return; the allusions which were then faultless, cannot be understood; and, in spite of ourselves, our reverence for the Greeks, and for the genius of the poet, we cannot read the digressions of Pindar without a feeling of constraint. We may admire, we may venerate the Odes of ancient times, but we cannot truly appreciate their merits. Over them their hangs a cloud of obscurity which no ray of learning can dispel, and which is daily gathering around them, and shrouding them in thicker darkness.

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